

Coming Home to You

My time here is near spent and now the winds have sent, through the soft breezes of the seas that brought me to this land, a boat made with careful passions, rowed with mystic oars, coming home to you, home to our blessed shores. Doves guiding the moonlights glow off of the mirror of the ocean as I sail. Back home, back home to you, retiring to our blessed shores. Breath and keepsakes, my dearest time spent with my loved ones, my only ones, I left to be brought to this land where my time is nearly spent. I'm coming home to you, home to you, rowing with mystic oars, toward our rest and peace that waits for us on our blessed shores.